SHOUT
SHARE
IT

Library of
James Moretz

85-74

5 color pls

$6.00

V

Compliments

of

Minnie J. Crandall.

Galesburg,

Ill.

Chicago Botanic Garden
Library

THE

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,

POETICALLY EXPRESSED;

BEING A COMPLETE

FLORA'S ALBUM.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels—whereby
They write on hills and fields mysterious truths.'

NEW-YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN,
27 DEY STREET.
1852.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847,

By ELIAS HOWE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Stereotyped and Printed
BY S. N. DICKINSON AND CO.
BOSTON.

INTRODUCTION.

WE love the flowers. Not only do they please the eye, and gratify the sense, but to one of a reflective turn of mind they are the dispensers of instruction. Flowers add a charm to domestic life which nothing else can impart. What high encomiums have been lavishingly bestowed upon "vine-clad cottages"! and how often in our readings do we find notice taken of some beautiful geranium that sheds its sweet fragrance around the room!

After a dreary winter, with what pleasure we hail the little primrose, that, peering above the ground, whispers of the coming spring, telling us that Winter's reign is over, that the time of flowers has come, and that Flora will soon hold her jubilee on earth! And as spring advances and retires, followed by summer, that season which more fully displays the beauties of Flora's kingdom, with what light and joyous hearts we walk amid those beauties, watch the unfolding leaf, or gather to ourselves those gems with which the Queen of Flowers delights to deck her crown!

Flowers are the smiles of nature, and earth would seem a desert without them. How profuse is nature in the bestowment of her smiles! They are seen on every hill-side and in every valley; they cheer the traveller on his public way, and the hermit in his seclusion. Wherever the light of day reaches, you will find them, and none so poor they cannot possess them. They grew first in Paradise, and bring to our view more vividly than any thing else the beauties of Eden.

It is no new thing to attach sentiments to flowers. In Eastern lands, flowers have a language which all understand. It is that "still small voice" which is powerful on account of its silence. "It is one of the chief amusements of the Greek girls to drop these symbols of their esteem or scorn upon the various passengers who pass their latticed windows." And the traveller can read upon Egyptian rocks accounts of the conquests of that ancient people, recorded by foreign plants.

The name which we have chosen for this little volume we deem most appropriate for a work of this kind. As long as sentiments have been attached to flowers, so long has Flora kept an *Album* on the pages of which she has faithfully inscribed them. We do not profess to have found this Album, as books have been found, on the dusty shelves of old and neglected libraries; but we found scattered here and there, leaves, which by the sentiments inscribed upon them we felt assured rightly belonged to such a work. We therefore collected them; and, when they were collected, we found we had in our possession a complete copy of "Flora's Album."

With these few words we introduce this volume to your notice, and trust that our endeavors to please will meet the approbation of the public.

J. S. A.

October 1*st*, 1846.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Acacia, Yellow.

"The acacia waves her yellow hair." — MOORE.

CONCEALED LOVE.

No searching eye can pierce the veil
That o'er my secret love is thrown;
No outward signs reveal its tale,
But to my bosom known.
Thus, like the spark, whose vivid light
In the dark flint is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone.

MRS. HEMANS.

Do any thing but love; or, if thou lovest,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him;
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won; or thou wilt, like that bird,
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness.

L. E. LANDON.

Acanthus.

"Learned of
Italy's Acanthus, the arts
Which Corinth claims."— MILTON.

ART.

When, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'T was ART! sweet Art! New radiance broke
Where her bright foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke:
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide's sunbeam never blazed;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Almond.

HEEDLESSNESS.

I knew a lady once
  Who was very beautiful,
Very fair to look upon,
  And very dutiful.
Yet in this she erred,
  What was very needless;
She would do, and what is more,
  Do it very heedless.

She received a letter
  Full of tender sighs,
And she read it over
  Till her little eyes
Filled with tears, and her heart
  Was about to melt,
When suddenly she thought about
  The paper that she felt.

It was coarse; and she said,
  "He must be a liar;"
So she tore the letter up,
  And put it in the fire.
But afterwards she did repent,
  And said it was needless;
And vowed she never more would do
  Any thing so heedless. J. S. ADAMS.

Amaranth.

"Its flowers of crimson hue bedropped
With thousand sparkling gems." — ANON.

IMMORTALITY.

Oh, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality!
Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

* * * *

The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

RICHARD H. DANA.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.

BYRON.

Alyssum.

WORTH BEYOND BEAUTY.

They tell me that thou art not fair,
That beauty is not thine;
That from thine eye no glance is thrown
Which they might call "divine."

They laugh at me because I chose
Thee from the giddy throng;
But they do not know the treasures dear
That to thy heart belong.

Beauty, when sickness comes, will fade,
'T will faint, and droop, and die;
But Worth with tenfold power will shine,
When sorrows gather nigh.

For what is Beauty? 't is as dreams,
That quickly pass away;
And what is Worth? 't is what it seems,
And never will decay.

True worth will live beyond the grave,
'T will pierce Death's shadowy mist,
And near the throne of God on high
Eternally exist.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

American Star Wort.

A slender plant, with starry blossoms.

WELCOME TO A STRANGER.

Lady, thou camest from a stranger land,
And little of thee I know;
Yet thou art joined to the fading band
Of travellers here below.

And thou art of woman's form and mien,
Hast a woman's heart within;
And, by thine eye and thy brow, I ween
Her sorrows with thee have been.

Thy Father is mine, and mine is thine;
We both are his equal care;
His goodness, and love, and blessings benign,
We each as his children share.

In sympathy, then, I give thee a hand
And greet thee as thus we go,
And pledge a renewal in that bright land
Where pleasures perennial grow.

MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Anemone, Garden.

"Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
Her silken leaf, and in a morn decays."

FORSAKEN.

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ever in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go, — but whereso'er I flee,
There 's not an eye will weep for me;
There 's not a kind, congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
And thou who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

BYRON.

Auricula.

PAINTING.

Then first from Love, in Nature's bowers,
  Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
And cull the hues of loveliest flowers,
  To picture woman lovelier still.

For vain was every radiant hue,
  Till passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew,
  To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth awhile his toil went on,
  Till, lo! one touch his art defies:
The brow, the lips, the blushes shone;
  But who could dare to paint those eyes?

'T was all in vain, the painter strove:
  So, turning to that boy divine,
"Here, take," he said, "the pencil, Love;
  No hands should paint such eyes, but thine."

THOMAS MOORE.

Aspen Tree.

"Why tremble so, broad aspen tree?"

LAMENTATION.

Well, thou art gone, and I am left;
But oh! how cold and dark to me
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee!

MONTGOMERY.

* * * But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound; and breathed the accustomed words,
"Hush! hush thee, dearest." Then I bend and weep, —
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

* * * *
* * *Gone to God!*

Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Azalea.

ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
  Auspicious queen of childish joys!
Who lead'st along in airy dance
  Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
  I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
  But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

* * * * *

And yet 't is hard to quit the dreams
  Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
  Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
  And all assume a varied hue,
When virgins seem no longer vain,
  And even woman's smiles are true.

BYRON.

Bay Leaf.

"The same through all its little life, —
It changes but in dying." — G. W. DOANE.

I CHANGE BUT IN DYING.

I change but in dying, — I 'll be faithful till death;
I will guard thee with care from pollution's foul breath;
I promise that ne'er in neglect thou shalt pine;
I change but in dying, — say, wilt thou be mine?

I come not with riches, good fortune ne'er blest me,
Yet she of less worth, — *Miss*-fortune carest me;
The light of true love o'er thy pathway shall shine;
I change but in dying, — say, wilt thou be mine?

I change but in dying, and no holier vow
From lips mortal e'er came than I breathe to thee now;
It comes from a heart, with love for thee sighing;
Believe me, 't is true, — I change but in dying.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Bell Flower, Pyramidal.

GRATITUDE.

The hound will fawn on any one
That greets him with a kind caress;
The flowers will turn toward the sun,
That nurtures it in loveliness.

The drooping bird, with frozen wing,
That feeds in winter at your sill,
Will trim his glossy plumes in spring,
And perch about your window still.

The gazing steed will mark the voice
That rules him with a gentle word;
And we may see the brute rejoice,
As though he loved the tones he heard.

We find the fiercest things that live,
The savage boor, the wildly rude,
When soothed by Mercy's hand, will give
Some faint response of gratitude.

ELIZA COOK.

Bilberry.

A species of whortleberry. An elegant fruit-bearing plant.

TREACHERY.

Be it so! we part forever!
Let the past [illegible] nothing be;
Had I only loved thee, never
Hadst thou been thus dear to me.

Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time will tame the wayward will;
But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's most maddening thrill.

More than woman thou wast to [illegible];
Not [illegible] I looked on thee;—
Why like woman then undo me?
Why "heap man's worst curse [illegible] me"?

Live! and when my life is over,
Should thine own be lengthened long,
Thou may'st then, too late, discover
By thy feelings, all my wrong.

But 't is useless to upbraid thee
With thy past [illegible] present state;
What thou wast, my fancy made thee;
What thou art, I know too late. BYRON

Black Poplar.

COURAGE.

Courage! — There is none so poor,
(None of all who wrong endure,)
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek;
And his maiden's dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light;
What though sunken be the sun!
There are stars when day is done!

Courage! — Who will be a slave,
That has strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage! — Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can *never* die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Cry "God and to the fight again!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

What though the field be lost,
All is not lost; the ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And *courage* never to submit or yield.

MILTON.

Blue Canterbury Bell.

A beautiful flower, with a deep rich color.

CONSTANCY.

She clung to him, with woman's love
  Like ivy to the oak,
While on his head, with crushing force,
  Earth's chilling tempest broke.

And when the world looked cold on him,
  And blight hung on his name,
She soothed his cares with woman's love,
  And bade him rise again.

When care had furrowed o'er his brow,
  And clouded his young hours;
She wove amidst his crown of thorns,
  A wreath of Love's own flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,
  Or one bright floweret wither;
For woman's tears e'er nourished them,
  That they might bloom forever.

'T is ever thus with woman's love,
  True till life's storms have passed;
And like the vine around the tree,
  It braves them to the last.

Saturday Courier.

Borage.

BLUNTNESS, OR ROUGHNESS OF MANNERS.

When the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
"*Ay, by gogs-wouns*," quoth he, and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stooped again to take it up,
The mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

* * * *

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: *A health*, quoth he, as if
He had been abroad carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaffed off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face!
Having no other reason, —
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bundles of Reeds.

MUSIC.

Music! Oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 't is only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

THOMAS MOORE.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bring Music! stir the brooding air
With an ethereal breath!
Bring sounds, my struggling soul to bear
Up from the couch of death!

MRS. HEMANS.

Bramble.

"Wild bramble of the brake." — ELLIOTT.

REMORSE.

But Pedro, at that dreadful time,
He, whose stern spirit, unreclaimed,
Nor age has soothed, nor terror tamed,
Felt all the errors of his crime.
Heaven's chastening vengeance touched his breast,
And tears his deep *remorse* exprest,
While o'er the victim's dark-veiled brow
Burst from his soul the voice of woe.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

* * * *

Memory broods o'er me like a tempest cloud;
Where, on her lightning-wing, leaps vivid thought,
And dank *remorse* rolls rumblingly along,
But miser-like withholds the gust of tears!

In anguish gathering up his strength,
Remorse! remorse! he cried;
Remorse! engrave it with my name
As to my fame allied.

MRS. LOCKE.

Carnation, Yellow.

The yellow carnation that needeth much care,
Less handsome and fragrant than any one there.

DISDAIN.

He sue for mercy! *He* dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
Her son devoted to the grave!
No, — though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him, — let it burst!

BYRON.

Ah! cease, — those fruitless tears restrain,
I go misfortune to defy,
To smile at fate with proved *disdain*,
To triumph, — not to die. MRS. HEMANS.

Proudly will I meet thee,
And as proudly pass thee by;
A pitying smile may greet thee,
But I 'll tremble not, not I;
Deep, deep within my soul
Let every sorrow lie, —
Checked be the rising tear;
And hushed be every sigh;
For proudly will I meet thee,
And as proudly pass thee by.

Candy-Tuft.

A plant first brought from Candia; snow-white blossoms; and remains unchanged throughout the year.

INDIFFERENCE.

I saw a man who had sojourned where
The Saviour once did tabernacle. He
Familiar was with Bethlehem, Nazareth; knew
The very site of Jacob's well; had talked
Where Jesus talked, — was intimate with all
The scene of his sad story. Yea, had dwelt
Hard by the Garden, and his daily course
Had taken o'er the soil of Calvary;
And yet he gaily spake of these; and smiled,
And smoothed his chin; and twisted in his hair
His dainty fingers, as with nonchalance
He took upon his lips these sacred names;
And then I thought a man might ransack heaven,
Yet, Gallio like, care not for all these things

WM. B. TAPPAN.

Cherry, Winter.

DECEPTION.

Deceive no more thyself and me,
  Deceive not better hearts than mine;
Ah! shouldst thou, whither wouldst thou flee
  From woe like ours, — from shame like thine?
And if there be a wrath divine,
  A pang beyond this fleeting breath,
E'en now all future hopes resign,
  Such thoughts are guilt, — such guilt is death.

BYRON.

Ah that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vision hide deep vice!

SHAKSPEARE.

It flatters and deceives thy view,
  This mirror of ill-polished ore;
For were it just, and told thee true,
  Thou wouldst consult it never more.

WM. COWPER.

Cinquefoil.

PARENTAL LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then may'st thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angel's bright employ?
Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy.

Hast thou gone with the traveller in thought, afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast; but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

There are teachings on earth and sky and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak in a mother's love.

MRS. HEMANS.

Convolvulus Minor.

NIGHT.

I love the light, — yet welcome, Night!
For, beneath thy darkling fall,
The troubled breast is soothed in rest,
And the slave forgets his thrall.

The roar of the city is dying fast,
Its tongues no longer thrill;
The hurrying tread is faint at last,
The artisan's hammer is still.

Night steals apace. She rules supreme;
A hallowed calm is shed;
No footstep breaks, no whisper wakes, —
'T is the silence of the dead.

The hollow bay of a distant dog
Bids drowsy echo start;
The chiming hour from an old church tower
Strikes fearfully on the heart.

All spirits are bound in slumber sound,
Save those o'er a death-bed weeping;
Or the soldier one that paces alone,
His guard by the watch-fire keeping.

ELIZA COOK.

Crown Imperial.

A plant of majestic deportment and brilliant colors.

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

My mother, if thou love me, name no more
My noble birth. Sounding at every breath
My noble birth! thou kill'st me. Thither fly,
As to their only refuge, all from whom
Nature withholds all good besides; *they* boast
Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
Of their forefathers, and from age to age
Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race:
But whom has thou beheld, or canst thou name,
Derived from no forefather? Such a man
Lives not; for how could such be born at all?
And if it chance that, native of a land
Far distant, or in infancy deprived
Of all his kindred, one who *cannot* trace
His origin, exist, why deem him sprung
From baser ancestry than theirs who *can?*
My mother! he whom nature at his birth
Endowed with virtuous qualities, although
An Ethiop and a slave, is nobly born.

WM. COWPER.

Crocus.

"On many a desolating pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile." — BARTON.

CHEERFULNESS. — SMILES.

Oh! why delight to wrap the soul
In pall of fancied sadness?
'T were best be merry while we live,
And paint our cheeks with gladness.
What if hope tells a "flattering tale,"
And mocks us by deceiving,
'T is better far to be content:
There 's nothing made by grieving.

The girls, Heaven bless their precious souls!
Are thick as bees about us;
And every mother's son well knows, —
They could not do without us:
They 're dangerous though to meddle with,
For they too are deceiving;
They 'll win and laugh, then flirt you, — yet
There 's nothing made by grieving.

LAWRENCE LABREE.

Columbine.

DESERTION.

Dear me! I felt a trifle sad,
When all cried out, "What have you done!"
For, sure enough, I loved the lad:
But who 'd take up with number one?
So, *vive l'amour!* I gaily cried,
And he, poor wretch, was soon forgot,
For I 'd a hundred sparks beside:
Was I right, or was I not?

But now 't is come into my head,
That I must grow discreet and sage;
For there are hints my charms have fled,
And I approach "a certain age."
So the next offer, — that 's my plan, —
I 'll nail decisive on the spot;
'T is time that I 'd secured my man:
Am I right, or am I not?

But ah! though gladly I 'd say "*Yes*,"
The looks of all the men say "*No*."
Who would have thought 't would come to this?
But mother says, "I told you so!"
Friends, lovers, danglers, now [redacted] gone;
Not one is left of all the lot;
And I 'm [redacted] "maiden all forlorn!"
Is it right, or is it not?

Clematis, English.

A vine, bearing white and pale-blue flowers.

TRAVELER'S JOY.

In the depths of the desert, when lonely and drear,
The sands round the desolate traveler appear,
The splendor of day gives no aid to his path,
For landmark nor compass the traveler hath:
But when night sheds her shadow and coolness around,
Then hark! how the bells of the camel resound!
For the traveler is up when the star sheds its ray;
'T is the light of his hope, 't is the guide of his way.

And what is this world, but a wilderness vast?
Where few leave a trace o'er the waste they have passed;
And many are lost in their noonday of pride,
That shines forth to dazzle, but seldom to guide.
Oh! blest is the fate of the one who hath found
Some loadstar to guide through the wilderness round;
And such I have found, my beloved one, in thee;
For thou art the star of the desert to me.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Corchorus.

IMPATIENCE OF ABSENCE.

Oh that the day were gone, and men
  Were lost in slumber's balmy power!
Oh that the night were come, for then
  She said she 'd meet me in the bower!
And if the sun would only set
  Behind the blue and mantling sea, —
But the west seems receding yet,
  And brings no food for hope to me.

Oh that the night were come, and she
  Were by my side! — her hazel eye,
And the deep witchery of her free
  And playful lip! — the bright, and high,
And changing color of her cheek, —
  These have wrought in my soul; unblest,
They leave a pang too strong to speak,
  And night can only bring me rest.

* * * *

But oh! how slow the sun goes o'er,
  As if its home were fixed above!
And yet until the day is gone,
  I cannot speak with her I love.

J. O. Rockwell.

Coboea.

GOSSIPS.

The tea goes round, — the *gossips* drink, — and then
They 're all excitement, — how their tongues whirl round! —
My feeble, faltering, dilatory pen
Grows half affrighted 'mid the Babel sound.

Now changed the subject, — and they freely tell
Their neighbors' faults, and quite *forget* their own;
Pronounce as scamp and vagrant, Mr. Nell,
And vow *as* such, he does not stand alone.

Pure scandal now! and village gossip flows
In rich profusion from each nimble tongue:
Each all the secrets of her neighbor knows,
And wonders when *her* praises will be sung.

And then foretells, how that some city youth
Will waste his midnight oil, to write a sonnet
About her beauty and her matchless worth,
With sundry hints about her cottage bonnet;

And 'bout the wedding day, — confound this quill;
'T is all used up in writing these few ryhmes;
No matter, — it has got these gossips still,
And left its marks amid these twenty lines.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Coreopsis.

A bright yellow flower, in bloom from June till autumn.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Let no one say, that there is need
Of time, for love to grow;
Ah, no! the love that kills, indeed,
Despatches at a blow.

The spark, which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal;
Should be the first one ever knew;
In short be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool,
'T is to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Translated from the Spanish of Lope de Vega,
by LORD HOLLAND.

Cross of Jerusa.

DEVOTION.

Devoted she, and day by day
Over his couch did watching bend;
And when his spirit passed away,
Her soul with his would fain ascend.

She loved him well, and watched with care
The earth, that made his grave, for years;
She planted fairest flowers there,
And wet them with Devotion's tears.

And well they grew; each blooming flower
Filled her heart with sad emotion;
Yet there she watched, from hour to hour,
Living proof of *true devotion*.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Cypress.

"The mournful cypress rises round,
Tapering from the burial ground."

LUCAN.

DEATH.

Be not afraid;
'T is but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill,
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

YOUNG.

Death, —
The portal, opening into Paradise;
Where grace, that *in the bud* was here below,
Into the *flower* of glory straight shall blow.

FRANCIS TAYLOR. 1658.

Think, mother! while sweet tears are shed,
How blessed are the early dead!

W. B. TAPPAN.

Daisy.

"The Daisy never dies." — MONTGOMERY.

INNOCENCE.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother, as she soothed to rest,
With a low song, her loved and cherished one, --
The bud of promise on *her* gentle breast;
For 't is a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled in a sinful world like this.

MRS. AMELIA WELBY.

Yet Innocence may still be seen
In childhood's presence. Who can gaze,
Unmoved upon that brow, serene,
That agile form, those witching ways,

That playfulness of tiny mirth,
That lively joy, — and not confess
That Innocence, still found on earth,
Doth nestle in a child's caress.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

Daisy, Michaelmas.

"Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth." — CLARE.

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming
  What never tongue can tell,
When tears are streaming
  From their crystal cell;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
  Of them that bid *farewell!*

When hope is chidden
  That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
  In the breast to dwell;
When, fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
  Of them that bid *farewell!*

BISHOP HEBER.

Dandelion.

"Thine the dandelion flowers,
Gilt with dew, like sun with showers." — CLARE.

COQUETRY.

For such are the airs
Of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a debt;
Yet a partial neglect
Soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Then quit her, my friend!
Your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you 're beset;
Lest your deep wounded heart,
When incensed by the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

BYRON.

Oh! there are some
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all
The warm soul's precious throbs; to whom it is
A triumph, that a fond, devoted heart
Is breaking for them; who can bear to call
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them.

L. E. LANDON.

Dead Leaves.

"After a season gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee."

MONTGOMERY

SADNESS.

Her heart was sad, for she bent above
The grave of him whom she well did love;
For years had passed since their plighted vow,
And she could not think of a parting now.

She had watched in sickness, been constant nigh,
She fain with him would lie down and die;
Dead leaves were thick strown, that grave, around,
And rustled by with a mournful sound.

The sexton was there with his worn spade,
His snow-white locks in the wild wind played;
She rose from that grave, — she saw him near,
And bade him a stone of remembrance rear.

'T was asked, what memento that stone should grace;
And as tears rolled down her care-worn face,
She answered, as grief her heart did fill:
"Carve these words alone, — '*I love him still.*'"

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Eglantine, or Sweet Briar.

POETRY.

The world is full of poetry, — the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies too perfect and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

What to us were this world and its burden of care,
But a fetter of clay, that in slavery bound us;
Were our troubles not soothed by the smiles of the fair,
And if Poetry spread not its magic around us?

Oh! Woman and Poetry, each is a treasure,
A mine of delight that enriches life's span;
The first is a ministering angel of pleasure;
While the gift of the next makes an angel of man!

Fig Marygold.

"The Marygold that goes to bed with the Sun."

IDLENESS.

The rain is playing its soft pleasant tune
Fitfully on the sky-light, and the shade
Of the fast flying clouds across my book
Passes with delicate change. My merry fire
Sings cheerfully to itself; my musing cat
Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,
And looks into my face as if she felt
Like me the gentle influence of the rain.
Here have I sat since morn, reading sometimes,
And sometimes listening to the faster fall
Of the large drops, — or, rising with the stir
Of an unbidden thought, have walked awhile,
With the slow steps of indolence, my room;
And then sat down composedly again
To my quaint books of olden poetry.
It is a kind of idleness, I know;
And I am said to be an idle man,
And it is very true.

N. P. Willis.

Flowering Reed.

CONFIDENCE IN HEAVEN.

Let the scholar and divine
  Tell us how to pray aright
Let the truths of gospel shine
  With their precious hallowed light:
But the prayer a mother taught
  Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit-fraught
  Are the words, — "*Thy will be done.*"

I have searched the sacred page,
  I have heard the godly speech;
But the love of saint or sage
  Nothing holier can teach.

They have served in pressing need,
  Have nerved my heart in every task;
And howsoe'er my breast may bleed,
  No other balm of prayer I ask.
When my whitened lips declare
  Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear
  Murmur forth, — "*Thy will be done.*"

ELIZA COOK.

Forget me Not.

"Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says, 'Forget me not!' the power
I feel, though far away." — GOETHE.

TRUE LOVE

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

THOMAS MOORE.

Dreams of fame and grandeur
End in bitter tears;
True love grows the fonder
By the lapse of years.
Time, and change, and troubles,
Meaner ties unbind;
But the love redoubles
True affection twined.

ANON.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

Fraxinella.

FIRE.

Blandly glowing, richly bright,
Cheering star of social light;
While I gently heap it higher,
How I bless thee, sparkling fire!
Who loves not the kindling rays
Streaming from the tempered blaze?
Who can sit beneath his hearth,
Dead to feeling, stern to mirth?
Who can watch the crackling pile,
And keep his breast all cold the while?
Fire is good, but it must *serve:*
Keep it thralled, — for if it swerve
Into freedom's open path,
What shall check its maniac wrath?
Where 's the tongue that can proclaim
The fearful work of curbless flame?

* * * *

Listen, youth! nor scorn nor frown,
Thou must chain thy passions down.
Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire they must *obey.*

ELIZA COOK

Evergreen.

POVERTY.

Would ye who live in palace halls,
With servants round to wait,
Know aught of him who craving falls
Before thine outer gate?
Come with me when the piercing blast
Is whistling wild and free;
When muffled forms are hurrying past,
And then his portion see.

I 'll lead thee through the narrow lanes,
To a dwelling dark and damp,
Where the poor man strives to ease his pains;
Where by a feeble lamp
The worse than widowed mother, long
Doth her busy needle ply,
Whilst round her, children anxious throng,
And for a morsel cry.

Come with me then in such an hour,
To such a place, and see
That He who gave thee wealth, gave power
To stay such misery;
Come with me, — nor with empty hand
Ope' thou the poor man's door;
Come, with the produce of thy land,
And thou shalt gather more. J. S. ADAMS.

Eupatoriam.

DELAY.

"Delays are dangerous," brother:
Perchance to-morrow's sun
May never rise to greet thee;
So what thou 'dst do, — have done.

Dangers lie thick around thee,
Thy course may near be run;
Do what thou would 'st do, brother,
And have thy duty done

Then if to-morrow cometh,
Thou wilt not much regret
But if thy life departeth,
In peace thy sun shall set

Do what thou would'st do, brother,
No longer dare delay;
For thine is not the morrow;
Have *duty* done to-day.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Garden Marigold.

A bright yellow flower, once held sacred to Venus.

SACRED AFFECTION.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life,
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amid its busy strife
Congenial spirits meet?

Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band,
Long hid from mortal sight,
Then start, to meet the master hand,
That calls them into light.

When, turning o'er some gifted page,
How fondly do we pause,
That dear companion to engage
In answering applause!

And when we list to Music's sigh,
How sweet, at every tone,
To read within another's eye
The rapture of our own.

Geranium, Mourning.

DESPONDENCY.

He led her to the altar,
But the bride was not his chosen;
He led her, with a hand ▪ cold
As though its pulse had frozen.
Flowers were crushed beneath his tread,
A gilded dome was o'er him;
But his brow was damp, and his lips were pale,
As the marble steps before him.

His soul was sadly dreaming
Of one he had hoped to cherish;
Of ▪ name and form that the sacred rites,
Beginning, told must perish.
He gazed not on the stars and gems
Of those who circled round him;
But trembled ▪ his lips gave forth
The words that falsely bound him.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Despair had fixed upon his brow
Its deepest, saddest token;
And the bloodless cheek, the stifled sigh,
Betrayed *his heart was broken.*

ELIZA COOK.

Guelder Rose.

WINTER.

I deem thee not unlovely, though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
The blushing flower, the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
Thy lengthened eve is full of fireside joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
So that the hoarse storm passes by unheard.

L. H. Sigourney.

Old Winter is a frolicksome fellow I wot;
He is wild in his humor, and free;
He 'll whistle along for the "want of thought,"
And set all the warmth of your furs at naught,
And ruffle the laces the pretty girls bought;
For a frolicksome fellow is he.

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say, —
A cunning old fellow is he;
He peeps in crevices day by day,
To see how we are passing our time away,
And mark all our doings from grave to gay, —
I 'm afraid he is peeping at me.

Hugh Moore.

Hackmetack.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

He meets the smile of young and old, he wins the praise of all,
He is feasted at the banquet, and distinguished at the ball;
When town grows dull and sultry, he may fly to green retreats,
A welcome visitor in turn at twenty country seats;
He need not seek society, for, do what'er he can,
Invitations and attentions will pursue the single man.

Fathers and brothers anxiously attempt his taste to suit;
O'er manors without number 't is his privilege to shoot;
Political opponents to his principles concede;
He quaffs the finest burgundy, he rides the fleetest steed;
And never yet were families, since first the world began,
United, blest, and fond as those who court the single man.

Metropolitan Magazine.

Hawthorn.

"Now Hawthorns blossom, now the Daisies spring."
POPE.

HOPE.

Fair HOPE, with light and buoyant form,
Came smiling through the clouds of care;
Glanced bright defiance on the storm,
And hung her bow of promise there.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Once on a time, from scenes of light,
An angel winged his airy flight;
Down to this earth, in haste he came,
And wrote, in lines of living flame,
These words on every thing he met,
"Cheer up, be not discouraged yet!"

Then back to heaven with speed he flew,
And tuned his golden harp anew;
Whilst the angelic throng came round,
To catch the soul-inspiring sound;
And heaven was filled with new delight,
For HOPE had been to earth that night.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Heath.

"A heath's green wild lay present to his view,
With shrubs and field-flowers decked of varied hue."

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;—
This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless.
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If [redacted] were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, *this is solitude!*

BYRON.

Helenium.

TEARS.

When Friendship or Love, our sympathies move;
When Truth in a glance should appear;
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of Affection 's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mark detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed, for a time, with a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
My Mary, — to love once so dear;
In the shade of her bower, I remember the hour
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier;
As ye pass by the tomb, where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendor of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name;
All I ask, all I wish, is a Tear. BYRON.

Houstonia.

A little blue flower, very common in New England.

CONTENT.

Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glittering baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

CHURCHILL.

Contentment gives a crown,
Where fortune hath denied it.

THOMAS FORD.

I swear 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in *content*,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, — all in nought, — content.

Honeysuckle. Trumpet.

I HAVE DREAMED OF THEE.

I dreamed of thee last night, love,
And I thought that one came down
From scenes of azure light, love,
The most beautiful to crown.

He wandered forth where diamonds
And jewels rich and rare
Shone brightly 'mid the glittering throng,
Yet crowned no one there.

He passed by all others,
Till he came to where thou stood;
And crowned thee as most beautiful
Because thou wast so good;

And said, as there he crowned thee,
That goodness did excel
The jewels all around thee
In which beauty seemed to dwell.

For goodness is that beauty
Which will forever last;
Then, crowning thee most beautiful,
From earth to heaven he passed.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Hydrangea.

A plant, the flowers of which [illegible] of [illegible] changeable hue.

HEARTLESSNESS.

Yes, farewell! farewell forever!
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom,
Bade *hope's* sweetest blossom wither,
Never more for me to bloom.
"Unforgiving" thou hast called me,
Didst *thou* ever say "forgive"?
For the wretch whose wiles enthralled thee,
Thou didst seem alone to live.

Wrapt in dreams of joy abiding,
On thy breast my head hath lain;
In thy love and truth confiding,
Bliss I cannot know again.

He in whom my soul delighted,
From his heart my image drove,
With contempt my love requited,
And preferred a wanton's love.
But, farewell! — I 'll not upbraid thee,
Never, never wish thee ill;
Wretched though thy crimes have made me,
If thou canst, — be happy still.

Hyacinth.

"The melancholy hyacinth that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day."

HURD.

GRIEF.

* * I found her on the floor
In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful;
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That, were the world on fire, they might have drowned
The wrath of Heaven, and quenched the mighty ruin.

LEE.

——— There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal.

MONTGOMERY.

The withered frame, the ruined mind,
The wreck by passion left behind,
A shriveled scroll, a scattered leaf,
Seared by the autumn blast of grief.

BYRON.

Of her spirit's grief
She never spake.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Indian Cress.

A very showy orange blossoming vine.

RESIGNATION.

Sweet the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh
And the tear of *resignation*
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

MONTGOMERY.

But He, who gave thee vital breath,
Sovereign supreme of life and death!
Has visited thy frame
With sickness, which forbodes thy end;
And heavenward now thy prospects tend,
And soon thy spirit must ascend
To God, from whence it came.

Well, He is good! and surely thou
May'st well in *resignation* bow,
And gratefully confess,
That this, his awful wise decree,
Though hard to us, is kind to thee;
Since Death's dark portals will but be
The gate of happiness.

BERNARD BARTON.

Joy.

"Yet thou,—beneath the howling blast
When all is drear, art smiling on."

FRIENDSHIP.

I had a friend that loved me;
I was his soul; he lived not but in me;
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that joined us first,
That doth not reach us yet; we were so mixed,
As meeting streams; both to ourselves were lost.
We were one mass,—we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I; I, he:
Return, my better half, and give me all myself,
For thou art all!
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself; methinks I rob
Thee of thy part.

DRYDEN.

I will collect some rare, some cheerful friends,
And we shall spend together glorious hours,
That gods might envy.

JOANNA BAILLIE

Laburnum.

Introduced into our gardens from Switzerland, — drooping branches, — flowers of ■ purple color.

PENSIVE BEAUTY

And oh! how oft have I turned away
From ■ brighter eye and ■ cheek more gay;
That my soul might drink, to sweet excess,
The light of her pensive loveliness!

Art thou not near me, with thy earnest eyes,
That weep forth sympathy? — thy holy brow,
Whereon such sweet imaginings do rise:
Art thou not near me, when I call thee now,
Maid of my childhood's vow?

■ ■ ■ ■

Now I behold thee, with thy sorrowing smile,
And thy deep soul uplooking from thy face;
While sweetly crossed upon thy breast the while,
Thy white hands do thy holy heart embrace,
In its calm dwelling place!

DUGANNE.

Larkspur.

"Lobelia attired like a queen in her pride,
And the Larkspurs, with trimmings new furnished and dyed."
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

FICKLENESS.

O, agony! keen agony,
For trusting heart to find,
That vows believed were vows conceived,
As light as summer wind.

O, agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour, the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that 's proud and high,
To learn of Fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O, agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!

WM. MOTHERWELL.

Lettuce.

A garden esculent.

COLD HEARTED.

Better the tie at once be broken,
At once our last farewell be spoken,
Than watch him, one by one, destroy
The glowing buds of hope and joy,—
Than thus to see them, day by day,
Beneath his coldness fade away.

F. S. Osgood.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below;
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

Moore.

Locust.

An ornamental tree. Blossoms white and fragrant.

AFFECTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Haste! messenger to heaven, and bear
These tidings to the souls we love:
Tell them we have been faithful here,
Since they left us to dwell above.

Haste! tell them we do not forget,
That we will remember ever;
That when on earth our sun hath set,
We shall meet no more to sever.

That *our* love is that which liveth.
When from earth, friends pass away;
And the tear affection giveth,
On the sorrowing, parting day;—

Seals the bond by which we know,
We shall meet, no more to part;
And that, freed from care and woe,
Heart shall sweetly blend with heart.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Love-in-a-Mist.

Nigella Damascena.

YOU PUZZLE ME.

When of a man I ask the question,
I wish he would answer, "Yes," or "No!"
Nor stop to make some smooth evasion,
And always tell me, "May be so."

I always doubt the friendly meaning
Of, "Well," "Perhaps," "I do not know;"
When for a favor I am suing,
I rather hear the answer, — "No."

When of a friend I wish to borrow
A little cash, to hear him say,
"I 've none to-day, but on to-morrow,"
Is worse than if he told me "Nay."

Why all this need of plastering over
What we in fact intend to show?
Why not at once, with much less labor,
Say frankly, "Yes, my friend," or "No"?

And when I ask that trembling question,
"Will you be mine, my dearest Miss?"
I wish you, without hesitation,
To say distinctly, — "*Yes*, *sir*, *yes*."

Linden Tree.

MATRIMONY.

Oh! take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now!
Remember 't is no common tie
That binds her youthful heart!
'T is one that only truth should weave,
And only death can part.

The joys of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years;
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free,—
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

* * * *

Then take her, and may fleeting time
Mark only joys increase;
And may your days glide sweetly on
In happiness and peace.

CHARLES JEFFREYS.

Lilac.

FIRST EMOTION OF LOVE.

Away with those fictions of flimsy romance!
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the love-breathing glance,
Or the rapture that dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove,
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past, —
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove, —
The dearest remembrance will still be the last;
Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love.

BYRON.

There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers that hung above its wave at morn,
Blest not the waters they murmured by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current as it past.

MOORE.

Live Oak.

"Hardy and noble tree."

LIBERTY.

Oh! give me liberty!
For were even paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

DRYDEN.

There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

THOMAS MOORE.

O Liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion and his theme!
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse!
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse;
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.
Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid zone, or India's fiercest heat.

WM. COWPER.

Lucern.

"Life's truest emblem; for, when gone, 't is gone for ever."

LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the *soul.*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Life's little stage is a small eminence.
Inch high the grave above, — that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around,
We read their monuments: we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

YOUNG.

Marygold, French.

"So I put a French Marygold in his hat,
That gaudy and jealous flower."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

JEALOUSY.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love; now, raving, called Hate.

COLLINS.

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKSPEARE.

Would'st thou to Love of danger speak?
Veiled are his eyes, to perils blind;
Would'st thou from Love a reason seek?
He is a child of wayward mind!

But with a doubt, a *jealous* fear,
Inspire him once, — the task is o'er;
His mind is keen, his sight is clear,
No more an infant, blind no more.

METASTASIO.

Translated by Mrs. Hemans.

Meadow Saffron.

"Colchicum Officinalis."

MY BEST DAYS ARE GONE.

'T is wondrous strange, how great the change,
Since I was in my teens!
Then I had beaux and billet-doux,
And joined the gayest scenes.
But lovers now have ceased to vow, —
No way they can contrive
To poison, hang, or drown themselves, —
Because I 'm twenty-five.

Once if the night were e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad could roam,
Without, — "The bliss, the honor, Miss,
Of seeing you safe home."
But now I go, through rain and snow, —
Pursued, and scarce alive, —
Through all the dark, without a spark, —
Because I 'm twenty-five.

Oh dear! — 't is queer that every year
I 'm slighted more and more;
For not a beau pretends to show
His head within our door.

MISS HORTON.

Moss.

"Why should she cling so fondly to thy breast?"
Go, ask the moss, on which thy foot is pressed.
FRITHIOF'S SAGA. *(Swedish.)*

MATERNAL LOVE.

Love, that watched my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears;
Love, that through life's flowery May
Led my childhood, prone to stray;
Love, that still directs my youth
With the constancy of Truth,
Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy or tenderness; —
May that love to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage;
May that love, o'er death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave more glorious;
Souls, united here, would be
One to all eternity. MONTGOMERY.

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins; it glows till death, —
Lives before life, — with death not dies, — but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.

Mountain Pink.

ASPIRINGS.

Higher, higher will we climb
  Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
  In our country's story;
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
  In the mines of knowledge, —
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
  Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems

Onward, onward will we press
  Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
  Excellence true beauty:
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

MONTGOMERY.

Milfoil, Common.

WAR.

Oh, war! war! war!
Thou false baptized, who by thy vaunted name
Of glory stealest o'er the ear of man
To rive his bosom with thy thousand darts,
Disrobed of pomp and circumstance, stand forth,
And show thy written league with sin and death.
Yes, ere Ambition's heart is seared and sold,
And desolated, bid him mark thine end,
And count thy wages.
The proud victor's plume,
The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath
Of blood-dashed laurel, — what will these avail
The spirit parting from material things?
One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,
Borne dove-like, o'er the waste and warring earth,
Is better passport at the gate of Heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Moonwort.

FORGETFULNESS

O Memory! torture me no more;
The present 's all o'ercast;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In mercy veil the past.

Why bring those images to view
I henceforth must resign?
Ah! why those happy hours renew
That never can be mine?

Past pleasure doubles present pain,
To sorrow adds regret;
Regret and hope are both in vain;
I ask but to —*forget*. BYRON.

You 'll be forgotten — as old debts
By persons who are used to borrow;
Forgotten — as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow;
Forgotten — like the luscious peach,
That blest the school-boy last September;
Forgotten — like a maiden speech
Which all men praise, but none remember.

W. P. PRAED.

Myosotis, or Mouse Ear.

An early plant, and quite common in New England.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not, — forget me not;
But let these little simple flowers
Remind thee of his lonely lot,
Who loved thee in life's purest hours;
When hearts and hopes were hallowed things,
Ere gladness broke the lyre she brought;
Then, oh! when shivered all its strings,
Forget me not, — forget me not!

We met, ere yet the world had come
To wither up the springs of youth;
Amid the holy joys of home,
And in the first warm blush of youth.
We parted, as they never part,
Whose tears are doomed to be forgot!
Oh! by that agony of heart,
Forget me not, — forget me not!

T. K. HERVEY.

Nasturtium.

PATRIOTISM.

Give me the death of those
  Who for their country die;
And oh! be mine like their repose,
  When cold and low they lie!
Their loveliest mother earth
  Enshrines the fallen brave;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,
  They find their tranquil grave.

MONTGOMERY.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

MONTGOMERY.

* * * *

Cut short my few and toilsome days,
  Let loose a tyrant's thrall;
I 'll die with unaverted gaze,
  And conquer all fall.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Nettle.

A very poisonous plant.

SLANDER.

No, 't is *slander;*
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

SHAKSPEARE.

For *slander* lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it once gets possession.

SHAKSPEARE.

I know that *slander* loves a lofty mark:
It saw her soar a flight above her fellows,
And hurled its arrow to her glorious height,
To reach her height, and bring her to the ground.

H. MORE.

Nightshade.

A plant of rose-colored flowers, growing in damp and shady places.

DARK THOUGHTS.

I loved, — but those I loved are gone;
Had friends, — my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart — the heart is lonely still.

How dull to hear the voice of those
Whom Rank or Chance, whom Wealth or Power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour!

Fain would I fly the haunts of men, —
I seek to shun — not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.
Oh that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away and be at rest.

BYRON.

Oleander.

There the Oleander telleth thee, — beware.

BEWARE.

* * * *

"*Beware* the pine-tree's withered branch
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay.

* * * *

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Olive.

"Adjudged an olive branch, ▪ ▪
As likely to be blessed in peace."

SHAKSPEARE.

PEACE.

The angel's song, that happy night
When spirits stooped to mortal ken,
Warbled from lips and lyres of light, —
Was peace on earth, good will to men.

In peace the sages came and paid
Their meed of gold, and spice, and myrrh;
And why such bliss on Mary laid?
She felt that peace had come to her

Peace was the theme, when precepts dropt
From Jesus' lips, like his own dew;
Who oped their eyes? Who ears unstopt?
His ▪▪▪▪▪ was Peace, — 't was all they knew.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

Winter may bid his tempests rise,
And change the earth's fair robe of green;
And leafless bowers and frowning skies
Afford ▪ sad and dreary scene;
Yet will the heart bright verdure wear,
If *Peace* has fixed its dwelling there.

Pansy, or Heart's-Ease.

"——— Pray you, love, remember,
There 's pansies, — that 's for thoughts."

SHAKSPEARE.

THINK OF ME.

Go, where the water glideth gentle ever, —
Glideth by meadows that the greenest be;
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beside the giant tree;
List to the dim brook pining, while it playeth,
And think of me.

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree;
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me.

And when the Moon riseth, [redacted] she was dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea;
Go, silent [redacted] star beneath her beaming,
And think of me.

Passion Flower.

A beautiful running plant, with curious blue flowers.

RELIGIOUS FERVOR.

I asked her when in beauty dressed,
When youthful hope inspired her breast,
Where dwelleth he whom thou lovest best?
She said — in Heaven.

I asked her when she fondly prest
Her smiling infant to her breast,
Where dwelleth he whom thou lovest best?
She said — in Heaven.

I asked her when her bloom was lost,
When all her earthly hopes were crossed,
Where dwelleth he whom thou lovest best?
She said — in Heaven.

I asked her in the dying gloom,
Who is the brightest loveliest one?
'T is God, she cried, my God alone;
And went — to Heaven.

Pea.

Flower of a garden esculent. Various hues.

AN APPOINTED MEETING.

Meet me to-night in the path which lies
By the side of the woodland hollow;
The moon will have oped her silver eyes,
And tell thee which path to follow.

Then tripping along to thy footstep's sound,
Thy lip to thy heart will be humming;
If thy glance for a moment turn around,
'T will assure thee, love, I 'm coming.

Oh! do not fear, not a tone will break,
On earth or in air, that can chide thee:
If a lovely rose perchance to awake,
'T will droop its bloom beside thee.

Come meet me at the evening's hour
When summer winds are still,
Within the memory-haunted bower,
Beside the gushing rill.

Peach Blossom.

The flowers of a well-known fruit tree, originally brought from Persia.

THIS HEART IS THINE.

By the gloom that shades my heart,
When, fair girl, from thee I part,
By the deep impassioned sigh,
Half suppressed when thou art nigh;
By the heaving of my breast,
When thy hand by mine is pressed;
By these fervent sighs betrayed;
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?
Then say, oh! say you love me.

Heart and soul more fond than mine,
Trust me, never can be thine;
Heart and soul, whose passion pure,
Long as life shall thus endure.
Take, oh! take me; let me live
On the hope thy smiles can give;
See me kneel before my throne,
Take, oh! take me, for thine own,
And say, oh! say you love me.

ELIZA COOK.

Periwinkle.

"Through primrose tufts in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths."

WORDSWORTH.

SWEET REMEMBRANCES.

Can I forget, — canst thou forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproached, yet raised desire;
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if, in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darkening gloss
Seemed stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smoothed on snow.

BYRON.

Petunia.

"A beautiful procumbent plant, blossoming through the season."

THOU ART LESS PROUD THAN THEY DEEM THEE.

They deem thee proud, but do not know
The soul that dwells within thee:
They would not bend the neck so low
As thou, e'en could they win thee.

'T is pride that dwells within their hearts;
And thine the polished mirror,
Reflecting back their proudest parts,
Yet blind to their own error —

They deem *thee* proud, and say that thou
Should'st bow and be more humble;
They call *thee* back to bend and bow
At faults o'er which they stumble.

I 've known thee long, and know full well
The soul that dwells within thee;
And to those who deem thee proud, can tell,
That pride was never in thee.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Persimmon.

BURY ME AMID NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

Oh! make me a grave on the marge of that stream
Where often in youth's gladsome morning I strayed;
Where the song of the lark, at Aurora's first beam,
Awakes from their slumbers the flowers of the glade, —
Near the wide-spreading hazel, where lambkins repose,
Like snow-wreaths untouched by the sun's melting ray,
Whose branches the nest of the linnet enclose,
While the thrush sweetly sings from its dew-dropping spray.

Where the hawthorn's rich perfume is borne on the gale,
And wild scattered flowerets yield sweets to the bee,
How oft have I roved through that thyme-scented vale,
My heart like the mountain-breeze buoyant and free!

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

Pheasant's Eye, or Flos Adonis.

"Look, in the garden blooms the Flos Adonis,
And memory keeps of him who rashly died."

SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCE.

One fatal remembrance, — one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting.

THOMAS MOORE.

'T is done! I saw it in my dreams!
No more with *Hope* the future beams;
My days of happiness are few:
Chilled by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast;
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!
Would I could add Remembrance too.

BYRON.

Phlox.

Phlox Maculata.

OUR SOULS ARE UNITED.

They were together night and day
  Through all their early years, —
Had the same fancies, feelings, thoughts,
  Joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears;
They had a fellowship of smiles,
  A fellowship of tears.

If *one* were gay, through *both* their hearts
  The tide of rapture rushed;
If *one* were sad, the voice of joy
  In *both* their hearts was hushed;
Yea, all their thoughts and sympathies
  From the same fountain gushed.

There is a mystic thread of life,
  So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
  At once must sever both or none!

BYRON.

Poplar, White.

Its leaves, like Time, in constant motion.

TIME.

We cannot stay thy footsteps, Time!
Thy flight no hand may bind,
Save His whose foot is on the sea,
Whose voice is on the wind;
Yet when the stars from their bright spheres,
Like living flames are hurled,
Thy mighty form will sink beneath
The ruins of a world!

And then it seemed
As if from every mound and sepulchre
In that lone cemetery, — from the sward
Where slept the span-long infant, to the grave
Of him who dandled on his wearied knee
Three generations, — from the turf that veiled
The wreck of mouldering beauty, to the bed
Where shrank the loathed beggar, — rose a cry
From all those habitants of silence, — "Yea!
There is ▪ *time to die.*"

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Primrose, Evening.

"Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints, and withers, and is gone."

CLARE.

INCONSTANCY.

The more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of Love's *inconstancy* beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
Oh! guard thy maiden purity of heart;
At every whisper of temptation start;
The lightest breathings of unhallowed air,
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh! cold inconstancy!
This is not woman's love: her love should be
A feeling pure and holy as the flame
The vestal virgin kindles; fresh as flowers
The spring has but just colored; innocent
As the young dove, and changeless as the faith
The martyr seals in blood.

L. E. LANDON.

Poppy.

CONSOLATION OF SLEEP.

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim faded track

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves;

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams;
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled;
Each lost one still more fair,—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread.

MRS. HEMANS.

Primrose.

EARLY YOUTH.

Who, for all that age can bring,
Would forget life's budding spring?
Hours of frolic! school-boy days!
Full of merry pranks and plays;
When the untaught spirit beats
With a thousand wild conceits;
When each pleasure, bright and new,
Sparkles fresh with heavenly dew;
When the light that shines abroad
Seems the very smile of God;—
Who, in after toil and strife,
Would forget the morn of life?

R. C. WATERSTON.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn. GRAY.

Pride of China.

DISSENSION.

We have been friends together
  In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
  In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
  A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together, —
  Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
  We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
  Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
  And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together, —
  Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
  We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
  The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
  Would bid thee clear thy brow:
We have been *sad* together, —
  Oh! what shall part us now?

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Pink, Red.

"The Pink can no one justly slight;
The gardener's favorite flower."

GOETHE.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When all the world grows strange,
Still shall her arms enfold thee;
When smiling fortunes change,
Still shall her words uphold thee.

When all thy hopes shall fail,
And leave thee nought but care;
And when thy cheek grows pale,
Or wasted with despair;—

When desolation meets thee
Without an arm to save;
When Death himself shall greet thee,
A victim for the grave;—

Then *woman* shall caress thee
With all an angel's care;
Then shall she softly bless thee
With more than angel's prayer.

Pine.

PITY.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouched by care:
What, then, do we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What, then, can we still desire,
Hermione, Hermione?

Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy,)
Tears amid thy laughter seen,
Pity mingling with thy joy.
This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Pine, Spruce.

HOPE IN ADVERSITY.

What though from life's bounties thou mayst have fallen?
And what though thy sun in dark clouds may have set?
There is a bright star that illumes yon horizon,
It telleth thee loudly, — "There 's *hope* for thee yet."

This earth may look dull, old friends may forsake thee,
And sorrows that never before thou hast met
May roll o'er thy head, yet the bright star before thee
Shines to remind thee, — "There 's *hope* for thee yet."

'T is but folly to mourn, though fortune disdain thee,
Though never so darkly thy sun may have set;
'T is wisdom to gaze at the bright star before thee,
And shout as you gaze, — "There is *hope* for me yet."

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Pine Apple.

YOU ARE PERFECT.

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned,
And put it to the foil. But you, oh! you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

SHAKSPEARE.

I never saw a form before
Of such unrivalled loveliness,
Nor one who was of earth, who wore
The look of heaven upon her face.
I never knew a heart so kind,
Such tears for others' misery flow,
Nor saw a hand so gladly bind
The crushed and bleeding heart of woe.

MISS P. CAREY.

Ranunculus.

YOU ARE RADIANT WITH CHARMS.

We met, 't was in the merry dance,
I only caught thine eye;
A look, a smile, a hurried word,
And thou hadst floated by:
But sweeter than an angel's face,
Or Houri's smile at even,
Or music on the moonlit tide,
Was that one glimpse of heaven.

We parted, and we never met
Since on that festive scene;
Yet still I see thy golden curls,
And eye of blue serene.
Thy snowy arm, and heaving bust,
And form of wavy grace, —
How oft, at twilight's dreamy hour,
That meeting I retrace!

Rose.

"Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling." — WORDSWORTH.

BEAUTY.

I see her now. How more than beautiful
She paces yon broad terrace! The free wind
Has lifted the soft curls from off her cheek,
Which yet it crimsons not, — the pure, the pale, —
Like a young saint. How delicately carved
The Grecian outline of her face! — but touched
With a more spiritual beauty, and more meek,
Her large blue eyes are raised up to the heavens,
Whose hues they wear, and seem to grow more clear
As the heart fills them. There, those parted lips, —
Prayer could but give such voiceless eloquence, —
Shining like snow her clasped and earnest hands, —
She seems a dedicated nun, whose heart
Is God's own altar.

L. E. LANDON.

Whatsoe'er of Beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

LEIGH HUNT.

Rosemary.

"There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance;
Pray you, love, remember." — SHAKSPEARE.

REMEMBRANCE.

How proud is the prize which thy virtues have won,
When their *memory* alone is so precious to me,
That this world cannot give what my soul would not shun,
If it tore from my breast the *remembrance* of thee!

BERNARD BARTON.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by;
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July:
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care;
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.

Remember thee! yes, while there 's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

THOMAS MOORE.

Saffron Flower.

A medicinal plant, having orange-colored flowers.

EXCESS IS DANGEROUS.

With two spurs or one, and no great matter which;
Boots bought or boots borrowed, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand;—you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipped, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally for better or worse;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather,
And in violent haste to go, not knowing whither;
Through the fields and the towns, (see!) he scampers alone,
And is looked at, and laughed at, by old and by young,
Till at length overspent, and his sides smeared with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all, in the mud,
In a wagon or chaise, shall he finish his route?
Oh! scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.
Young gentlemen, hear! I am older than you!
The advice that I give I have proved to be true:
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The *faster* you ride, you 're the longer about it.

WM. COWPER.

Snapdragon.

A plant, the scarlet flowers of which are so vivid that they cannot be looked upon with a fixed eye.

YOU ARE DAZZLING, BUT DANGEROUS.

Saved from the perils of the stormy wave,
And faint with toil, the wanderer of the main,
But just escaped from shipwreck's billowy grave,
Trembles to hear its horrors named again.

How warm his vow, that Ocean's fairest mien
No more shall lure him from the smiles of home!
Yet soon, forgetting each terrific scene,
Once more he turns, o'er boundless deeps to roam.

Lady! thus I, who vainly oft in flight
Seek refuge from the dangers of thy sight,
Make the firm vow, to shun thee and be free;
But my fond heart, devoted to its chain,
Still draws me back where countless perils reign,
And grief and ruin spread their snares for me.

Translated from Camoens, by
MRS HEMANS.

Snow Ball.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven!
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's throne,—
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He who is merciful and just
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

BYRON.

Oh! beautiful is heaven, and bright
With long, long summer days;
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt Love's meeting hour;
Where, from the past, no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower;

Where every severed wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound,—
"Farewell! beloved, farewell!"

MRS. HEMANS.

Stramonium, Common.

DISGUISE.

Oh! do not suppose that my hours
Are always unclouded and gay;
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers
That fortune has strewed in my way.
When seen by the cold and unfeeling,
We smile through the sorrows we feel;
But smiles are deceitful, — concealing
The wounds which they never can heal.

Our moments of mirth may be many,
And hope half our sorrows beguile;
But, believe me, there cannot be any
Whose features wear ever a smile.
The heart may be sad and repining,
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene;
As a goblet with gems may be shining,
Though bitter the portion within.

A glittering volume may cover
A story of sorrow and woe;
And night's gayest meteors may hover
Where danger lies lurking below:
Thus oft in the sunshine of gladness
The cheek and the eye may be drest,
Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness
In secret o'ershadow the breast.

Sorrel.

WIT.

In her bower a widow dwelt,
At her feet three lovers knelt;
Each adored the widow much,
Each essayed her heart to touch:
One had *wit*, and one had *gold*, —
One was cast in *beauty's* mould:
Guess which was it won the prize, —
Tongue, or purse, or handsome eyes?

First began the handsome man;
Peeping proudly o'er her fan:
Red his lips, and white his skin, —
Could *such* beauty fail to win?
Then stepped forth the man of gold;
Cash he counted, coin he told;
Wealth the burden of the tale, —
Could such golden projects fail?

Then the man of *wit* and sense
Wooed her with his eloquence;
Now she heard him with a sigh, —
Then she blushed, scarce knowing why, —
Then she smiled to hear him speak, —
Then a tear was on her cheek:
Beauty, vanish, — Gold, depart!
Wit hath won the widow's heart.

T. H. Bayly.

Spindle Tree.

YOUR IMAGE IS ENGRAVEN ON MY HEART.

Sweet girl, though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.
I would not say, "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will;
In vain to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more represt;
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies;
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

* * * *
* * * *

Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

BYRON.

Syringa.

Flowers white, large, and scentless.

MEMORY.

Bring back the scenes of vanished years;
Memory, I call on thee!
Bring back the light that shone through tears;
Bring back those early hopes and fears,
O faithful Memory!

Bring back those smiles and sunny eyes,
Those forms I loved to see;
Give back those early smiles and sighs,
Those perished buds and blooms that rise
Still green in Memory!

Bring back the cherished, lost, and dear!
Oh! bring them all to me,—
Each glowing smile, and answering tear,
To light and bless the pilgrim here,—
O faithful Memory!

B. B. THATCHER.

Yes, Memory has honey cells,
And some of them are ours;
For in the sweetest of them dwells
The dream of early hours.

L. E. LANDON.

Thrift.

—— Its numerous roots, that bind so close,
Make it [redacted] emblem of true sympathy.

SYMPATHY.

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow;
Few — and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet:
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! if thy spirit meet
On earth but one
Whose heart in sympathy
Springs to thine own;
Who will with holy love,
Deep, pure, and true,
Be the bright star of home,
Loving but you;
Cherish that priceless flower,
Hold the gem fast;
Fame, wealth, may fade away,
That love will last.

Tiger Flower.

FOR ONCE MAY PRIDE BEFRIEND THEE.

For once may pride befriend thee,
For once be proud and vain;
Else all, amid that glittering throng,
Will pass thee with disdain.

Place high that glittering diamond
On thy white and polished brow;
Display thy costly jewels,
Let pride befriend thee now.

For thou goest 'mid the number
Who are the proud of earth;
Who think far more of beauty,
Than they do of solid worth.

Then thy humility disguise,
May vanity attend thee;
And as thou walkest 'mid that throng,
May pride for once befriend thee.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Tulip.

"Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks." THOMSON.

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

Why hangest thou thy maiden head
With such a coyness? Why 's the rich
Blush spreading its roseate tints
O'er thy fair cheek? Is 't because I 've
Told the tender tale, which within
My heart has, like a hallowed flame,
Been burning, and feeding on its
Inward light, till it no longer
Could the silent smothering keep?
Then bursting forth, laden with its
Long-cherished, silent eloquence,
Asking thee but to love the heart,
Which loveth thee so well? If so,
Then I am blest! for by those eyes
Downcast, as if their lids were lade
With tears unshed, I find my hopes
Not blasted, — but my heart received.

Tulip Tree.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease:
Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs;
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

GAY.

Low was our pretty cot; our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window. We could hear,
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined; the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion. COLERIDGE.

Venus's Looking Glass.

FLATTERY.

Nor think this flattery! I 've been taught
One maxim worth receiving,
Which every passing day has brought
Fresh motive for believing:

That flattery no excuse can find!
'T is loathed as soon as tasted,
When offered to a well-taught mind;
And on a fool 't is wasted. B. BARTON.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'T is Tory, Whig! it plots, prays, preaches, pleads;
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades;
Here, to S——e's humor makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at Pult'ney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead.
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

YOUNG.

Venus's Flytrap.

* * * * * So sensitive,
It catches each rover that doth touch its leaves.

HAVE I CAUGHT YOU AT LAST?

Have I caught you at last? I 've been trying
For many and many a day;
And indeed I have almost been dying
For fear that you 'd answer me — "Nay."

Have I caught you at last? now do tell me,
For I never shall love you less;
For the thoughts that to love thee, impel me,
Since you heartily answered me — "Yes."

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Virgin's Bower.

"And virgins-bower, trailing airily,
With others of the sisterhood."

JOHN KEATS.

ARTIFICE.

Let me see him once more
For a moment or two;
Let him tell me himself
Of his purpose, dear, do;
Let him gaze in these eyes,
While he lays out his plan
To escape me — and then —
He may go — if he can!

Let me see him once more,
Let me give him one smile,
Let me breathe but one word
Of endearment the while;
I ask but that moment, —
My life on the man!
Does he think to forget me?
He may — if he can.

F. S. OSGOOD.

Volkamenica Japonica.

MAY YOU BE HAPPY.

* * * *

Mayst thou live in joy for ever,
Nought from thee true pleasure sever;
From thy heart arise no sigh,
And no tear bedew thine eye;
Joys be many, cares be few,
Smooth the path thou shalt pursue,
And Heaven's richest blessings shine
Ever on both thee and thine.

Round thy path may fairest flowers,
As in amaranthine bowers,
Bloom and blossom bright and fair, —
Load with sweets the ambient air;
Be thy path with roses strown,
And thy hours to care unknown;
Sorrow cloud thy pathway never,
And happiness be thine for ever.

JOHN S. ADAMS

Wall Flower.

FIDELITY IN ADVERSITY.

Fondly I wreathed his victor brow:
Shall I in grief forsake him now?
Never. The ills that round him wait
But bind me closer to his fate.
In winter's cold, in summer's heat,
Long as the pulse of life may beat,
Shall Ellen at Alonzo's side,
By day, by night, the wanderer guide:
On mine, his wearied brow shall rest,
And sweet his sleep on Ellen's breast.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY

She stems the wave, unshrinking meets the storm,
And wears his guardian angel's earthly form!
And if she cannot check the tempest's course,
She points a shelter from its 'whelming force!
When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
And busy tongues are sporting with his fame,
Who solves each doubt, — clears every mist away,
And makes him radiant in the face of day?
She who would peril fortune, fame, and life,
For man, the ingrate, — the devoted wife.

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Wall-Speedwell.

FIDELITY.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed, —
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on *thy* brow?
The world! what means it? — *mine is here*, —
I will not leave thee now."

* * * *

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew;
And on his cheeks such kisses pressed
As hope and joy ne'er knew. MRS. HEMANS.

White Lily.

"How chaste yon lily's robe of white."—WM. PETERS.

PURITY.

* * * *

Pure as an infant's heart that sin ne'er touched,
And guilt had ne'er polluted; and she seemed
Most like an angel that had missed its way
On some kind mission Heaven had bade it go.
Her eye beamed bright with beauty; and innocence
Its dulcet notes breathed forth in every word,—
Was seen in every motion that she made.
Her form was faultless, and her golden hair
In long luxuriant tresses floated o'er
Her shoulders, that as alabaster shone.
Her very look seemed to impart a sense
Of matchless purity to all it met.
I saw her in the crowd; yet none were there
That seemed so pure as she; and every eye
That met her eye's mild glance, shrank back abashed,
It spake such innocence.

* * * * *

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Weeping Willow.

MELANCHOLY

Stay, melancholy muser, stay,
And tell me all thy sorrow;
The rose that droops in tears to-day,
May rise in smiles to-morrow:
Ah! yes, when only wet with dew
Of nature's balmy breathing,
Its glories may awake anew,
While beams are round it wreathing.

But that o'er which the chilling blast
Has wildly, darkly driven,
And rudely scattered as it past,
The charm it caught from heaven;
Too sadly feels the coming day,
That others joy in viewing,
Will only bring a brighter ray
To smile upon its ruin.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her mild, sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.

COLLINS.

Woodbine.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

We are but two, — the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two, — oh! let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart, — the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man, — his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked, —
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two, — be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Wood Sorrel.

This plant shuts it leaves at night, but at the first dawn of day opens them. Peasants say they sing the praises of their Creator.

JOY.

Think not him joyful who doth wear
  Ever a smile, — 't is but to hide
The troubled thoughts of anxious care
  That in his inmost heart abide.

Think not him joyful who has wealth,
  Whom fortune favors with her gold;
It cannot buy the flush of health; —
  True joy is neither bought nor sold.

But think him joyful, call him blest,
  Who round his path hath friends to love;
Who has a conscience well at rest,
  And puts his trust in One above.

Ay, he is joyful! he can brave
  The world with its besetting care;
And when the portals of the grave
  Open to view, — *be joyful there.*

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Wormwood.

The bitterest of plants that spring from out of the earth.

ABSENCE.

'T is not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art;
But 't is the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath
'T is Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet, —
The pain, without the peace, of death!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Believe not that absence can banish
The memory of moments gone by;
Could I deem they so slightly would vanish,
I should think on the past with a sigh.

BERNARD BARTON.

But oh! it is more soothing still,
To feel a fond hope, when we sever;
Absence cannot affection chill,
And we may meet more dear than ever.

BERNARD BARTON.

INDEX.

FLOWERS.	SENTIMENTS.	PAGE.
Acacia, Yellow,	*Concealed Love,*	[illegible]
Acanthus,	*Art,*	6
Almond,	*Heedlessness,*	7
Amaranth,	*Immortality,*	8
Alyssum,	*Worth beyond Beauty,*	[illegible]
American Star Wort,	*Welcome to a Stranger,*	10
Anemone, Garden,	*Forsaken,*	11
Auricula,	*Painting,*	12
Aspen Tree,	*Lamentation,*	13
Azalea,	*Romance,*	14
Bay Leaf,	*I change but in dying,*	15
Bell Flower, Pyramidal,	*Gratitude,*	16
Bilberry,	*Treachery,*	17
Black Poplar,	*Courage,*	18
Blue Canterbury Bell,	*Constancy,*	19
Borage,	*Bluntness, or Roughness of Manners,*	20
Bundles of Reeds,	*Music,*	21
Bramble,	*Remorse,*	22
Carnation, Yellow,	*Disdain,*	23
Candy Tuft,	*Indifference,*	24
Cherry, Winter,	*Deception,*	25
Cinquefoil,	*Parental Love,*	26
Convolvulus Minor,	*Night,*	27
Crown Imperial,	*Pride of Birth,*	28
Crocus,	*Cheerfulness—Smiles,*	29
Columbine,	*Desertion,*	30
Clematis, English,	*Traveler's Joy,*	31
Corchorus,	*Impatience of Absence,*	32
Coboea,	*Gossips,*	33

FLOWERS.	SENTIMENTS.	PAGE.
Coreopsis,	*Love at First Sight,*	34
Cross of Jerusalem,	*Devotion,*	35
Cypress,	*Death,*	36
Daisy,	*Innocence,*	37
Daisy, Michaelmas,	*Farewell,*	38
Dandelion,	*Coquetry,*	39
Dead Leaves,	*Sadness,*	40
Evergreen,	*Poverty,*	46
Eglantine or sweet briar,	*Poetry,*	41
Eupatorian,	*Delay,*	47
Fig Marygold,	*Idleness,*	42
Flowering Reed,	*Confidence in Heaven,*	43
Forget-me-Not,	*True Love,*	44
Fraxinella,	*Fire,*	45
Garden Marigold,	*Sacred Affection,*	48
Geranium, Mourning,	*Despondency,*	49
Guelder Rose,	*Winter,*	[illegible]
Hackmetack,	*Single Blessedness,*	51
Hawthorn,	*Hope,*	52
Heath,	*Solitude,*	53
Helenium,	*Tears,*	54
Houstonia,	*Content,*	55
Honeysuckle, Trumpet,	*I have dreamed of thee,*	56
Hydrangea,	*Heartlessness,*	57
Hyacinth,	*Grief,*	58
India Cress,	*Resignation,*	59
Ivy,	*Friendship,*	60
Laburnum,	*Pensive Beauty,*	61
Larkspur,	*Fickleness,*	62
Lettuce,	*Cold Hearted,*	63
Locust,	*Affection beyond the grave,*	64
Love in a Mist,	*You puzzle me,*	65
Linden Tree,	*Matrimony,*	66
Lilac,	*First Emotion of Love,*	67
Live Oak,	*Liberty,*	68
Lucern,	*Life,*	[illegible]
Marygold, French,	*Jealousy,*	70

FLOWERS.	SENTIMENTS.	PAGE.
Meadow Saffron,	*My best days are gone,*	71
Moss,	*Maternal Love,*	72
Mountain Pink,	*Aspirings,*	73
Milfoil, Common,	*War,*	74
Moonwort,	*Forgetfulness,*	75
Myosotis, or Mouse Ear,	*Forget me Not,*	76
Nasturtium,	*Patriotism,*	77
Nettle,	*Slander,*	78
Nightshade,	*Dark Thoughts*	79
Oleander,	*Beware,*	[illegible]
Olive,	*Peace,*	81
Pansy, or Heart's Ease,	*Think of Me,*	82
Passion Flower,	*Religious Fervor,*	83
Pea,	*An appointed Meeting,*	84
Peach Blossom,	*This Heart is Thine,*	85
Periwinkle,	*Sweet Remembrances,*	86
Petunia,	*Thou art less proud than they deem thee,*	[illegible]
Persimmon,	*Bury me amid Nature's beauties,*	[illegible]
Pheasant's Eye, or Flos Adonis,	*Sorrowful Remembrances,*	89
Phlox,	*Our souls are united,*	[illegible]
Poplar, White,	*Time,*	91
Primrose, Evening,	*Inconstancy,*	92
Poppy,	*Consolation of Sleep,*	93
Primrose,	*Early Youth,*	94
Pride of China,	*Dissension,*	95
Pink, Red,	*Woman's Love,*	[illegible]
Pine,	*Pity,*	97
Pine Spruce,	*Hope in Adversity,*	98
Pine Apple,	*You are perfect,*	[illegible]
Ranunculus,	*You are radiant with charms,*	100
Rose,	*Beauty,*	101
Rosemary,	*Remembrance,*	102
Saffron Flower,	*Excess is dangerous,*	103
Snap Dragon,	*You are dazzling, but dangerous,*	104

FLOWERS.	SENTIMENTS.	PAGE.
Snow Ball,	*Thoughts of Heaven,*	105
Stramonium, Common,	*Disguise,*	106
Sorrel,	*Wit,*	107
Spindle Tree,	*Your image is engraven on my heart,*	108
Syringa,	*Memory,*	109
Thrift,	*Sympathy,*	110
Tiger Flower,	*For once may pride befriend thee,*	111
Tulip,	*Declaration of Love,*	112
Tulip Tree,	*Rural Happiness,*	113
Venus's Looking Glass,	*Flattery,*	114
Venus's Fly Trap,	*Have I caught you at last?*	115
Virgin's Bower,	*Artifice,*	116
Volkamenica Japonica,	*May you be Happy,*	117
Wall Flower,	*Fidelity in Adversity,*	118
Wall Speedwell,	*Fidelity,*	119
White Lily,	*Purity,*	120
Weeping Willow,	*Melancholy,*	121
Woodbine,	*Fraternal Love,*	122
Wood Sorrel,	*Joy,*	123
Wormwood,	*Absence,*	[illegible]

PAGE.
... 105
... 106
... 107
on
... 108
... 109
... 110
...
... 111
... 112
... 113
... 114
... 115
... 116
... 117
... 118
... 119
... 120
... 121
... 122
... 123
... 124

06
6/—

May peace wreathe
her golden charms
around you forever

Forget me not this day